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BRANCH OFFICES.

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EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

Every Mutual District Call Box can be used for this purpose and NO CHARGE will be made for MESSENGER SERVICE.

All Messenger Boys of the Mutual District Company are Provided with RATE CARDS and will take WORLD ADVS. at Office Prices.

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Unimpeachable Testimony!

7th May, 1889.
After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and news-editorial accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the records and bills from the various paper companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the editorial checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN AND A HALF HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE, 10,709,523 COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP, Manager of the New York Clearing-House.
G. D. BALDWIN, Pres. of the American Loan and Trust Company.
THOS. L. JAMES, Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.

31,709,520 (345,468)
The average No. of WORDS printed daily during the month of March last was 345,468.

Average daily circulation during May 345,808 Copies!

SCIENTIFIC ROBBERY.

The monopolistic spirit is running mad at the present time. New schemes for plundering the people are developed daily.

Monopoly and speculation are in league. The worst element of Wall street is rampant again. The greed of these financial criminals is insatiable.

The very acme of scientific robbery is attained when, after the formation of an iniquitous, unscrupulous Trust, the value of the stock is inflated beyond all semblance of its intrinsic worth, and it is then placed upon the market as the football of stock gamblers. Not satisfied with forcing up the price of the necessities of life, and thereby exacting tribute from the helpless people, the stock is thrown out as a decoy to catch the eye of the unwary and invite investment at fancy prices.

And when the bubble bursts, as burst it must, the monopolistic gamblers fatten their purses upon the dire distress of the weak.

How long must this brazen system of scientific modern robbery endure?

NO SAFETY ANYWHERE.

The dangers that beset the pathway of the pedestrian in this city are innumerable. If their lives are not menaced in one way they are in another. A newly discovered method of torture made its appearance yesterday. It was the gasoline lamp of a workman in a subway trench.

While standing on Broadway near Nineteenth street, engaged in conversation with a friend, all unconscious of impending danger, Mrs. TOOKER's dress was discovered to be on fire, and she narrowly escaped frightful injuries. Her skirt had ignited from the flame of a lamp carelessly held by a man working in the trench at the edge of the walk.

The dangers of the wilderness pale into insignificance compared to the besetting perils to life and limb in this complicated but easy-going metropolis.

GOING TO MEET HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. WHITEHEAD, who to-day expiates on the scaffold in Philadelphia the crime of killing her husband and several children by poison, is reported to be looking forward to a joyful reunion with her husband. Just where she expects to find him is not stated, but as all murderers announce their intention of going direct to heaven, it is probable that it is her expectation that she will meet him there.

Just why, if Mr. WHITEHEAD was good

enough to be an angel, his wife did not enjoy his society here is a perplexing conundrum. It belongs in the elongated list of those things that nobody knows.

WHO ARE THE GUILTY PARTIES?

MAYOR CHAPIN, of Brooklyn, has issued a manifesto reciting that certain officials, clothed with authority to perform the marriage ceremony, have committed serious irregularities in connection therewith. He warns them against a continuance of the illegal practices.

It is a singular fact that the Mayor refuses to disclose the names of the guilty parties. Is this not queer conduct for an official? If any of the magistrates in Brooklyn have violated the law by not making the statutory inquiries of those desiring to be married they should be held responsible for their misconduct.

MAYOR CHAPIN is setting a bad example. In advising the guilty magistrates he is not as culpable as they?

A WOMAN'S GRIT.

Of a woman's will it has been truly said: "When she will, she will, and there's an end on't; when she won't, she won't, and you may depend on it." This was exemplified at Mount Vernon yesterday.

Mrs. POWERS and Mrs. STORNS engaged in a colloquial encounter, in which the former showed the sharpest powers of speech. Wounded by her cutting remarks, Mrs. STORNS had Mrs. POWERS arrested for defamation of character.

The Justice adjudged that the defendant pay a fine of \$5 or go to jail for five days. Adjoining CHARLES COTTEWORTH PINCKNEY's immortal words, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," as her motto, Mrs. POWERS went to jail rather than pay the fine. There's grit for you.

WILDER'S BOOK.

THE PEOPLE I'VE SMILED WITH. RECOLLECTIONS OF A MERRY LITTLE LIFE. BY MARSHALL P. WILDER. (Camden & Co., New York.)

Every man-about-town and a good many others, society men and women, know well the quaint little letter who here tells in a book of those with whom he has smiled.

The book has an admirable send-off in an introduction by Col. John A. Cockerill, of THE WORLD. Marshall P. Wilder was handicapped in the race of life by a crooked spine. Happily he decided that it would only make matters worse if he let his temper become warped, too. So he has steadily cultivated a bright, sunny way of looking at things, and his gift as a raconteur and merry-maker has brought him a comfortable income and kept his soul unwarped.

This book is a most cheerfully optimistic record of what he has done; whom he has met, and whom he likes. There is not one harsh word in it, and it is a treat to one who has not read it.

The plucky little man went over to England to make a break for the slow Britons. He captured that society regulator who makes success by his royal approbation, and Marshall has nothing but good words for the Prince of Wales.

He does not say so many very brilliant things. Bon mots and impromptu sparks are not the sort of thing that Wilder is billed for. But he always makes you laugh, and the man who can do that is a blessing to humanity.

One thing he says that is good enough to be noted because it is a little insight into humanity. He says that men like nothing better than being over-talked to about something they know. So Wilder does not shrink from a chestnut. He only takes care to put it in a new burr, one of his own providing.

The book is neatly gotten up in a pale green and is a treat to the eye. It is a portrait of the little humorist. One who is so funny, one where he is going to be, and the third where he has got there.

Everybody can enjoy the good-natured, optimistic account that the little man gives of himself and his successes, though cold type is a poorer medium for the expression of his humor than the sparkling eye, mobile face and genial smile of the small man himself.

J. J. A. R.

A Gorgeous Billiard Room.

An anecdotal of large experience says that nothing in the country compares with the billiard room of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. It is a Moorish room opening out of the great Francis I. banquet room, and is described by a New York correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean as follows: "The walls are wainscoted in five-foot-wide old Moorish tiles brought from Spain, rich with indolent dyes and precious colors. A secret, that modern canals have never recovered.

Above the wainscoting the walls are of paper made, modeled in designs, secured from the Alhambra twenty years ago by Mr. R. M. Hunt, a favor not granted since by the Spanish Government. There have been plenty of models since secured with geometrical precision by callipers and cunning instruments, but these show the blunted angles and softened lines of the original, and as they are colored with the same tints have that charm which the greater precision would not give.

The doors and ceiling are of butternut, elaborately ornamented with Moorish interlaced work. The mantel and the fire-faces of the horseshoe arch are of Mexican onyx, and series of coxcomb columns above the mantel-breasts make niches where the chess and other necessary solids and liquids of billiard-room are kept. Opposite the mantel is a fountain scoured in a niche where the water breaks in spray over silver ribs with beautiful effect.

The window of the room is in itself a notable feature. It is filled with periwinkle ornaments, and behind this is a large onyx, so thin as to be almost transparent. This is of butternut, inlaid in Moorish designs, and in keeping are chairs and divans. Adjoining is a Moorish toilet-room, lined with Moorish tiles, with the fixtures in onyx."

Why He Was Glad.

Merritt—Your father said he was glad you stuffed that toothpick in the stem of his pipe.

Little Johnnie—Was it because it kept him from smoking all night?

Merritt—No. He said it was because he had been waiting for some excuse to give you a leathering.

Johnnie's Generosity.

Mrs. Brown—How did you come to give your sister the big apple and keep the little one yourself?

Little Johnnie—"Cause there was a worm in it."

A Treasure.

"The most expensive autograph I have," said the collector, "is this. It is the signature of Bob Boniface, who keeps a hotel at Saratoga. It cost me \$100 a week for three weeks. The last receipt part of it is that I couldn't get the receipt to-day for more than two cents a pound."

MOTHERS say they would not be without MORRILL'S TESTING COPY. Price 25 cents.

THE BABIES' FUND.

And the Babies Themselves Are Helping It Grow.

We Shall Have That Free Doctors' Corps Started in Due Season.

Let Everybody Help On the Good Cause by Their Contributions.

The Steckler Brothers Send in Substantial Sympathy This Morning.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....\$100.00
Alfred and Charles Steckler.....25.00
W. A. B. G.....2.00
Dick.....1.00
Hick.....1.00
Colbert by Little Cora and Isabella McLovery.....3.00
Kate A. Riehl.....2.00
A. B. G.....1.00
Laurie, Cammie and Robbie......25

Generous Steckler Brothers.

Please accept the inclosed \$25.00 contribution towards THE EVENING WORLD'S Sick Children's Fund. It is a most worthy and commendable undertaking, and deserves the full support of a charitable public.

ALFRED AND CHARLES STECKLER, Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law, 47 Centre street, June 25.

Dick's \$2.

I send \$2 to the "Sick Babies' Fund."

DICK.

New Let Us Hear from "C."

Please and inclosed \$1 for Sick Babies' Fund.

A. B. R.

\$2 with Good Wishes.

Inclosed you will find \$2 for the Babies' Fund. Hoping you will succeed, I remain, yours,

KATE A. RIEHL.

Two Little Girls' Collections.

To the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD: We are two little girls, and knowing every little helps, we have collected \$3 among our few friends for the Sick Babies' Fund.

LILLIE CORN, 479 AVENUE B, ISABELLA MCGOVERN, 203 West Sixty-first street.

In Memory of a Babe in Heaven.

In memory of my baby in heaven I send the inclosed dollar, hoping it may save some little baby to its loving mother.

New York, June 23. W. A. B. G.

Their Money for the Fourth.

Please accept our mite for the Sick Babies' Fund. This is our money for the Fourth of July.

We send it to the sick babies instead.

LAURIE, CAMMIE, ROBBIE.

IN TOPICAL SONG.

"The Evening World" Free Doctors' Fund

Advocated at the Casino.

The following stanza has been introduced into Solomon's topical song, rendered nightly to large audiences, in the third act of "The Brigands," at the Casino. The sentiments O. K., except that we've no doubt Mr. Gould would be glad to contribute to the fund if it was brought to his attention: THE EVENING WORLD'S call, we should all try to meet.

If we've got it.

Each sum they receive, will the funds help to swell.

Now matter how small, every nickel will tell; J-y-g—d thought he'd send them one hundred as well.

But he forgot it.

BEACONFIELD AND THE PRIMROSE.

They Were Not His Favorite Flowers Although So Supposed.

It is a popular idea that the late Lord Beaconfield was particularly devoted to primroses, and on the 18th of April many Englishmen still wear the bright little yellow "first-ling of Spring" in memory of the famous statesman. The fact is, however, that he cared more for primroses than for dandelions, the gardenia, if anything, being his favorite flower; and a Mr. Escott tells us that one day, as he was strolling with Lord Beaconfield through the lovely grounds of Hughenden, he happened to remark that the peacocks had pecked away the roots of the primroses, which, which Lord Beaconfield said, "Yes, it is said; but to tell the truth, I prefer peacocks to primroses."

How, then, asks the American Agriculturist, did the primroses come to be associated with his name? It is said to have occurred in the following manner:

On the day of Lord Beaconfield's funeral the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to be placed upon his coffin; and a card attached she wrote, "His favorite flower." This tribute of royalty with the accompanying inscription naturally attracted much attention and was the beginning of the primrose craze. But the truth was, Her Majesty was not thinking about Lord Beaconfield at all when she wrote the words, but had the Prince Consort in her mind, as he was really extremely fond of primroses and it was his preference for them, remembering rather than that of her distinguished subject.

New to the Business.

A newly elected justice of the peace not a thousand miles from Milford delivered the following charge to the jury the other day: "Gentlemen of the Jury: Charging a jury is a new business to me, and this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence in the case as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the learned counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them said, then I'll be— if I know what you will do. Constable, take charge of the jury."

Had One.

"Have you any particular object in hand about here?" asked the contractor of a new building of an idler who was in the way.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to lodge my creditors, and they will never think of looking for me where there is any work going on."

PRIZE ILLUSTRATED JOKE.

JUDGE McDUGALL AWARDS THE TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE TO "GURNEY."

THE PRIZE JOKE.



Miss Mead (visiting New York for the first time) "The pretty certain, he said here on the sixth floor, and I'd like to see in mighty bad; but I'll be damned if he'll keep me a breaking my neck on a prospect of money, or new-fangled elevator concerns I never see in GURNEY."

THE JUDGE'S COMMENTS.

In awarding the prize to the above illustrated joke as the best one produced by the contest, I wish to express some surprise that none of the professional "comic artists" have contributed to my survey as judges. The joke selected for the prize bears more indications of real humor, open and un concealed, than any of the large number submitted for my perusal, and which have enriched our pages from time to time without regard to expense. In our journey through life we are cautioned to smile by the way as frequently as possible, and Mr. Gurney is to be congratulated upon the possession of the pure brand of American humor, which arouses dormant and torpid smiles and lightens the burden of existence, as well as snatches the twenty-dollar gold piece.

WALT McDUGALL.

MAIL SENT BY ELECTRICITY.

Can They Be Carried from Here to Boston in Sixty Minutes?

Within a twelvemonth from the present date, says the Boston Herald, mails will be carried from Boston to New York city in sixty minutes. So say the capitalists who are making arrangements for the establishment of a transport line on the so-called "port-electric system" for the conveyance of letters and packages between the metropolis and the modern Athens. Even the least sanguine backers of the enterprise are confident that if the expected public support given to the scheme more than two years will be required at most for the establishment of the necessary plant in Boston, and the other two centres of population within an hour's distance by post.

The said plant will resemble, as to its most essential part, a little elevated railway supported on a single line of tall iron uprights, and stretched from the post-office here to that on the island of Manhattan. Along the track on top runs a small car laden with mail freight, which at certain intervals during its transit is seen to go under queer-looking box-shaped arches. These box-like arrangements contain each one a coil of wire, passing beneath the rail below and around over the arch, so that the moving mail carriage runs, as it were, through a series of coils of wire, but to save the transportation of the two centres of population within an hour's distance by post.

The speed to be attained by the car in this system is incalculable. It is recognized as a mechanical, a constant repelling force is produced by the resistance of friction. In this respect the proposed line is a complete contrast to the electric system, in which the car is pulled by the electric current. At the starting point the wire coils will have to be close together and on upgrades, but elsewhere, and especially on downgrades, they may be far and far apart. The motive power needed being slight. Six stations, placed at intervals between here and New York, will supply the current at convenient distances.

Many experts think that the system is destined to revolutionize the postal service in this country. For instance, it is expected that instead of mail hours apart between Boston and New York carriages will be sent over the tracks from either end of the line at five-minute intervals, and that the passengers will be able to see the cars and give people in one city an opportunity to read their letters two hours after they are written in the other.

They Knew How to Fight.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Gen. Gordon, now Governor of Georgia, whose military appearance and superb horsemanship were so universally admired during the great centennial parade, was the recipient of much hospitality from the New York people during his stay in the city. At a dinner to which he was invited, a young Englishman, a lieutenant in the "guards," possessed of a keen eye and a ready tongue, and very good at the game of billiards, informed him that he did not think the soldiers in the parade presented a military appearance.

"You are right," said the young Englishman, "but when it comes to fighting there were more desperate fighting and there were more men killed and wounded during our last war than there have been during the wars of England from the time of William the Conqueror." The Englishman did not gain much by presuming upon the want of level ground for the soldiers of the North.

Labour Saving Proposition.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time, and it's very pretty of you to write a letter to say you're sorry."

"Yes, ma'am, don't tear it up please."

"Why, Johnny, what you could tear it up, because it will do for the next time."

Appearances Are Deceptive.

(From South, Grand St. N. B. Herald.)

Wife (sitting in the sand)—How grandly beautiful the ocean is this morning, John!

Husband (coming out of the water and spluttering somewhat)—Yes, as it is, I look a good deal better than it does.

Make No Mistake

If you have made up your mind to try Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a perfect medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar composition, purgative and preparative, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. It is made in New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

THEY ALL CONDEMN IT.

Nothing Good Said of the Huckleberry Railroad.

Suffering Outworners Ask "The Evening World" to Help Them.

The Railroad Not Even as Good Now as It Was Thirty Years Ago.

The efforts of THE EVENING WORLD in behalf of the long-suffering outworners of the so-called "Huckleberry Road," in the Annexed District, are meeting with grateful appreciation from the people who live in the vicinity of Fordham and West Farms.

The worst portion of the route is that which was described the other day in THE EVENING WORLD. It runs from One Hundred and Seventy street, the terminus of the Suburban Rapid-Transit line, to Fordham, a distance of about two miles.

It is on this section of the route, extending south to the Harlem Bridge along North Third Avenue, that the miserable accommodations described are furnished to passengers, and the annoying delays occur daily, and where overworked horses cause a throng of pain to every citizen who sees them.

The opinion seems to be practically unanimous in the locality for which the road is supposed to furnish public accommodations, that it is the worst managed concern in the country.

No one has a good word to say for it, and complaints are so numerous and frequent against the management that they have become an old story, and those who have been unable to get satisfaction have been obliged to grin and bear it, or patronize the New York Central.

A reporter of THE EVENING WORLD visited Fordham yesterday and interviewed a number of its citizens upon the subject of the "Huckleberry road" and the accommodations it furnishes to the public.

The result fully bears out the charges made by "A Victim" in his indignant letter published in THE EVENING WORLD last Friday.

"I was one of the original stockholders in this road," said an old gentleman, who did not want his name published to the reporter, "and I can assure you it does not furnish as good accommodations to the residents of its neighborhood as it did thirty years ago, when it was built."

It is hardly possible to believe this, but it is the truth. Then, at least, we had new cars and a good road-bed, and the cars were run on a schedule time.

Now some of the cars are unfit for use. The tracks are all out of order, and in the evening especially passengers are subjected to frequent delays of from half an hour to an hour long.

Why do the people who are compelled to patronize the road submit to this? "Because they cannot help themselves. No attention is paid to complaints, and a great many have now abandoned travel on the road altogether."

In the day time of this season of the year the accommodations are half-way respectable, but it is in the winter time and in the night that the Company is careless of its passengers.

"The rule is that every third car from the bridge shall go through to Fordham; but in the night hours of the night sometimes eight or ten cars will be started without a single one going through to the Fordham terminus. Passengers are kept standing by the roadside, for there is no shelter provided for them, for an hour at a time. What annoyance they suffer in rainy weather and in the winter time can be imagined."

"I have travelled in some of the cars where the roofs were so leaky that passengers had to put up their umbrellas inside."

In the night time I have seen them using horses that could hardly stand, and poor, broken-down brutes that were fit subjects for the bone-yard."

I could tell you whole chapters about their abuses, but I think I have said enough. I have read the articles in THE EVENING WORLD, and I hope you will keep it up. These things ought to have been shown up ten years ago."

Philip Duffy, who keeps the hotel at Fordham, was very outspoken in his opinions.

"The Huckleberry Road," he said, "is one of the worst managed lines I ever heard of, and I don't wonder that the people hereabouts are down on it. I have given up patronizing it."

"Everybody is waiting for the Suburban to come through, and meanwhile they patronize the steam cars and put 15 cents fare to the Grand Central Depot. They